

AN APPRECIATION

Cimarron is one of the prettiest towns in New Mexico. It is called the city of homes, and certainly it justifies the name. There are many homes there that would do justice to Denver or Pueblo. Cimarron has a splendid newspaper, one that is a credit to this "city of homes." Just at this time Cimarron is suffering from a business depression, but the News keeps right on boosting with every ounce of energy it possesses. If the town ever needed a good newspaper it is right now, and the News should receive twice the advertising support it now enjoys.—Maxwell Mail.

The publisher of the News is human even though he is often considered an ass, but nevertheless the above is fully appreciated; such an appreciation as only a publisher can realize. For the information of Cimarron people, it is not amiss to state that for the past eighteen months the News has been published at a loss of more than \$1200.

The News goes to its readers weekly full of local happenings together with abbreviated state and national news. Advertising is a business proposition not only for the publisher but the man in business, but it must be admitted that the greatest per cent of local business men look upon advertising as an act of public charity. But—

The dogs barked and caravan moved on.

CIMARRON IN 1915

It is the custom in practically all towns and cities of the country at this particular time to adopt plans to build up their respective communities in 1915. In this respect it is well to bear in mind that the people of this vicinity and especially those of Cimarron, have an important function to perform in 1915—a duty evolved upon every one who make this community his habitat.

It has been demonstrated that unless towns are thoroughly represented to the outside world there is little hope for an increase in population beyond the normal birth. Cimarron is just what we make it; it can be made a good town or a town that people will shun. It remains for the individuals to do their utmost to bring about the necessary change at once. This is the greatest need at present.

VIOLATING THE NEUTRALITY

Washington officials were fully justified in sending the protest to Great Britain caused by her ships violating the neutrality in seizing American cargoes in the Atlantic. It is a breach of neutrality that is not sentimental, but a manifestation of the dogged boldness of a nation, that does not give credit to her solemn pledge.

Without displaying the least partisanship, it is conceded by men of authority that Great Britain has taken undue privileges with ocean traffic since she precipitated into war, and also at the Panama Canal, with a characterization of impunity. The United States cannot let such acts go by unnoticed and proclaim neutrality, and President Wilson has acted at the opportune time to quell this violation of seizing our ships between neutral ports with American merchandise. It is a critical question and must be handled with diplomatic tenderness.

"Men fail to consider us as human beings or units of the commonwealth; we are simply relations. They are logical enough when they discuss problems where men are concerned, but sentiment throws them off their base when the subject of woman is broached," says Dr. Anna Shaw. The noted dame has opinions of her own as did Kipling, who says; a woman is only a woman but a good cigar is a smoke. This is not an insult, but a contrast of opinion of two human minds. Dr. Shaw possibly never was a recipient of the love and companionship of a man.

Ralph Ely as receiver of the New Mexico Central will again display his ability as a manager on a business basis. His likeness unto a watermelon will not fall short of the slurring remarks by the press through which section the railway runs. They will not cut off a slice of the melon if Ely is on the job, and he has not yet been known to flinch.

According to supreme court, alimony is not subject to the income tax. The court's opinion was given when one of the Gould's deducted a portion of income tax from a divorced wife's alimony to make up the Gould income tax.

Of course we presume that Dimick Baldwin is fully aware of what he is doing in stopping the signposting of the national highway through Colfax County, but the people of the county would appreciate a detailed explanation.

If Colfax county is the only missing link on the national highway in not being signposted, the Automobile Club of Southern California is invited to post the Cimarron canon route. There will be no objections entered.

And again make your New Year resolutions early.

GERMAN OFFICER TELLS THRILLING TALE OF A SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCES

Describes Sharp Engagement in Streets of Suburb of Lille When the Germans Marched Suddenly Into the Midst of a French Detachment—Discipline Triumphs in Moment of Panic—Spirit of Men Under Fire Calm, Determined.

Berlin.—Experiences in the daily life of a soldier with the German army of occupation in Belgium, and later in fighting in France, are given in the following letter by Reinhard Weir, a lieutenant, from a recent number of the Frankfurter Zeitung:

"We have been at it four weeks now. Dejectedly we used to ride forth day after day in the cold, rain-damp morning, the garrison of the fortress of Namur, for field service drill. We heard distant thunder of cannon, no one knew whence. In the afternoon there was inside service, firing exercises, instruction of subordinate officers, instruction of volunteers. They were from the highest forms in the schools, students, doctors, merchants, artists—it was a question of making all these into soldiers and good field artillerymen. Rain, rain, rain, and autumn cold. Occasional alarms. Military demonstrations in the streets of Namur and its suburbs—the population, carrying on talk of an uprising, must be put down. Calmer days; inside service. Visits to the forts and castles in the neighborhood. Plans for hunting and conviviality. And the hours seem far away, when we might be called to warlike deeds.

"We began to resign ourselves to the thought that we must spend the whole autumn and winter as garrison of the fortress in Namur.

"But—thank God!—it came out otherwise. One day came an alarm, a command to march, as part of a mixed brigade. An excursion on horseback is being made for the safety of the railroad line westward and southwestward from Brussels, and to drive away the hostile wheelmen, horsemen, and sharpshooters who have appeared there. For this expedition three battalions of infantry, one squadron of uhlans, two batteries of field artillery, two pioneer companies. Leader Major General X.

Keeping the Country in Order.

"Two weeks on the Belgian highways, back and forth between Braine-le-Comte, Solignies, Enghien, Welle, Ath, Tournai. On the railroad there accompanied us an armored train, manned by pioneers, that brought us ammunition and provisions. We passed all the battlefields: Quatre-Bras, Belle-Alliance, Bouvines. We were in touch with the enemy, but as yet there was no fighting. One night we were close by Alost, ready to hurry to the aid of the troops fighting there, but attack remained forbidden.

"At Enghien we were quartered in the castle of the Duke of Arenberg; at Ath in the town house of the princess of Loos and Corswaren; then again, day and night, in the open field, beside one's horse, or near the roof of a howitzer battery, the shelling of a windmill from which signals were being given, or of a hostile airman. Our uhlans began to have their first little skirmishes with sharpshooters and wheelmen. There were attacks by the enemy upon our armored train, with the aid of locomotives running wild, and injuries to the line. At Leuze two guns of our battery of howitzers were within a hair's breadth of being destroyed at the crossing of a street and a railway line, by express engines which came rushing in without a driver.

"But still no battles for us field artillerymen. 'Detachment X,' our corps called itself, after our general, a leader of very praiseworthy qualities. There was not a man whom he did not greet in friendly fashion when in the morning, in the earliest twilight, his auto drove along the marching column. The call of greeting: 'Good morning, comrades!' and 'Good morning, general!' was for us no empty formality. Our military assignment was altered daily. Yesterday an expedition on horseback against wheelmen and horsemen; today part of a division of cavalry; tomorrow placed under an army corps; the next day the rear support of a fighting brigade. And only one thing remained always the same: The burning wish to be finally 'right at it' and to take our part.

"We saw Tournai's many-towered romantic silhouette for the first time in a wonderful evening glow, from a firing position—across from us on the other side of the city English artillery, in the city itself Belgian infantry. Tournai—this name, like a trumpet tone and clash of arms, seemed to be of warlike import—but without a fight we moved into the city on the next day. We had our minds made up to a threatening, hostile reception on the part of the population—and were received in as friendly a way as never before. Two chrysanthemums were reached up to me on my horse. We had a good reception, also, in Ath, which we passed several times. The general told later that they had named us there the bridge doves. A title of honor which we wanted to maintain for ourselves wherever the course of events might lead us.

Had Their First Battle.

"Past Tournai we marched toward Lille, into France, where we had our first battle. We lay several days and nights in mist and dampness in

the open field beside our batteries, and froze. Across from us were French and Belgian and English-Indian troops. And with them leagued itself—fortunately always for a day or hours only—another foe: Hunger.

"It is still a question where we first went under fire. At any rate, it was an easterly suburb of Lille.

"We were marching down a long, barren, suburban street, with a pair of uhlans from Ulm in advance, then a battalion of infantry of Mecklenburg, then my train of howitzers with ammunition wagons, and as rear guard a company of Bavarian pioneers. This was the composition of the advance guard; the bulk of the detachment followed in one body. We were hungry and fatigued after a long march, and were counting upon a peaceful entry, a quiet evening, and peaceful quarters for the night. On the left side of the street were halted the motors of the commander of the 'X' division of cavalry to which we were assigned; the commander himself stood in conversation with our general on the walk, with the members of the staff near by. They were smoking their cigars peacefully and watching the entry of the detachment. We marched well in step behind our way-weary infantrymen, and turned before a great public building, half blind in the narrow streets of one of the older portions of the city.

"Ahead at the railroad embankment there came a shot. Then two; then a dozen. We attributed little importance to the slight firing, expecting that it would at once cease, and marched calmly on. Then suddenly there came a rattling fire of weapons from all sides. From the houses before us, behind us, at both sides of the street, and in nearby streets, hundreds of guns spat forth deadly lead. There was an instant of fearful confusion, a second of panic. The infantry before us flooded back, pressed against the house walls in order to have cover for their backs, retired into doorways. Men and horses writhed wounded on the ground; individual teams rushed in wild flight along the streets. For one moment it had a look as if all was lost.

Discipline in a Panic.

"Only one moment! Then the officers took hold. And how they did take hold—it was truly a joy. One witnessed a triumph of discipline. The infantry began to return the fire; small troops of brave men gathered about the leaders. In the mob of men and beasts, flooding backward, came calm and order. The best of the praise—I cannot restrain myself from declaring it—my field artillerymen of the first train earned. Unimpaired at once, the two guns stood—an unexcelled mark for the enemy—absolutely alone for a time, without any covering of infantry, in the middle of the crossing of the streets; the bullets whistled by hundreds about our ears, splashed roundabout like a shower of hail against the plaster walls, at once rendered two cannoners with the first gun unable to fight, tore 22 shot-holes in the iron body of the first gun carriage, and the first limber—and still these heroes did their duty with a calm and an impassivity as if it was simply a matter of peaceful drill on the artillery field.

"We shot into the fire-splitting side-streets and houses. The detonation was ear-splitting between the narrow walls; thick smoke lay over the street, forced the infantry fire to go wide on both sides, and concealed from the enemy hidden in the houses their targets. In the houses which had been struck yawned wide breaches; in two places flames broke out; out of the houses in the side streets hostile sharpshooters, apparently Belgians and Frenchmen, were to be seen fleeing singly and in small groups. Again and again halting and firing, our advance guard withdrew in perfect order, taking with it most of the dead and wounded and all equipment for guns and wagons, out of the smoking witch's caldron to reassemble before the gates of the city. Our company which had been cut off united itself later with the troop. The expected after-attack of the enemy was not delivered.

"The infantry that attacked us had just come in in two transport trains at the moment of our marching in, and had been concealed in the houses of the suburb. One thing remains, to be sure: We retreated before an enemy in numbers probably inferior and certainly only little superior. But let it be clear what it means, when a marching column a kilometer long fights against an almost entirely invisible enemy, shooting from roofs and windows and cellar holes, and a treacherous population; and the decision of our leader to yield such hot ground will be found comprehensible and sensible.

Spirit of Men Under Fire.

"The pole-driver of the first cannon brought back the battle-worn first howitzer to the battery with his two brown, that alone were left of the team. Both his animals had slight wounds on the nose and legs; he himself had, in some wonderful way, re-



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remained unharmed. Although a big, powerful man, he had remained motionless throughout the whole fight seated on his horse in the middle of the street. Altogether, it is a marvel that we came out of the affair with only negligible losses.

"At the climax of the fight I exchanged a couple of words with the under-officer in charge of the first gun, a quiet, pleasant man.

"Do you believe that one of us will live through this day?"

"I have given up hope, Herr Lieutenant," (He said that with a manner which I will not forget all the days of my life.)

"And so all thought, probably, in the worst moments. But every one remained at his post and composedly did his duty. The general himself, who stayed at the rear of the advance guard, gave an impressive example of calm confidence; in the midst of the battle he went on smoking his cigar quietly. (A pose? Perhaps! But, at any rate, an excellent and sensible pose!) He left the suburb on foot, among the last."

WRECKED BY SHELL

Thought He'd Try.

London.—A Scotchman who had been out of work for nine months applied for a slice of the war relief fund. When told he could scarcely attribute his loss of work to the war, he replied cheerfully: "Oh, well, I didn't think I was doing anything. I just thought I was doing nothing. I just thought I was doing nothing."

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NOTICE.

All trespassing in the W. S. Pasture in Colfax county, whether for the purpose of hunting, fishing, pulling wild fruit, or cutting fire wood, or for any purpose whatsoever, without leave, is strictly prohibited and all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

(Signed) WILLIAM FRENCH, for W. S. Land & Cattle Co.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; since cases out of two are caused by Catarrh of the Eustachian Tube, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.